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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,

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George W. Stull,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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COMMUNICATIONS AND LETTERS on business must be Post-Paid to insure attention.

Book and Job Printing

Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the Baltimore Republican and Argus.

The Coon Hunter's Song.

TUNE—"Oh, it's my delight," &c.

Came all ye jolly hunters,
The time is not too soon—
To hunt that "Same Old Coon!"
It is the same "old varment" boys,
That fooled us once before—
Then, let's prepare,
The sport to share
In Eighteen forty-four!

Then, lads, draw near, and lend an ear,
While we rehearse a song,
Tho' homely words, they still are true,
And to his try now belong—
The history of '40 boys,
Of Coons and lies a score—
None can forget—
We'll pay them yet,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Better Times," they told us of—
The certain sure "Relaxer"
With "Two Dollars" in our pockets, boys,
And our bellies full of "beef!"
These things they freely promised us
As well as many more—
But don't regret—
We pay them yet,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Confidence," they preach'd about,
There's none of it in vogue,
Except upon the bazaar face
Of some defaulting rogue;
And of this class, 'tis no mistake,
There's still a growth in force—
We firmly swear
For vengeance, boys,
In Eighteen forty-four!

The "Better Wages," where are they?
We never have seen the likes—
Instead of "two-a-days," my boys,
We're nothing else but "Strikes!"
They sue us for "conspiracies!"
To the Sheriff hand us o'er;
But, pretty soon,
We'll thrash the Coon,
In Eighteen forty-four!

On "Promises," we cannot live—
Our children cry for bread—
Cold Winter howls around us now—
Our hearts are filled with dread—
And while the storm grows still more fierce
And round our dwellings roar—
We swear on high,
The Coon shall die
In Eighteen forty-four!

Of "Charities," we've had quite enough—
Of lumbags full a score—
But "that ere" "better currency,"
We'll "never see it more!"
One other "change," we'll have we guess,
In a year or so, or more,
The Coon may grin,
But we'll tan his skin
In Eighteen forty-four!

Then speed thee on, "Old Father Time,"
We're anxious for an hour,
The day of reck'ning's close at hand;
The Coon's within our power;
When the ballot box we meet,
We'll settle up the score—
Oh! what delight,
Our wrongs to right!
In Eighteen forty-four!

A LOVER BAGGED, OR THE SUCCESSFUL COURTSHIP OF MAJOR JONES.

As expressed through an epistle dated at Pineville

to one Thompson, a friend of the Major's

DEAR SIR—Crispus is over, and the things did, you know I told you in my last I was going to bring Miss Mary up to the chalk a Crismus. Well I don't do it as slick as a whistle, though it come mighty nigh bein' a serious undertaking. But I'll tell you all about the whole circumstance. The fact is, I've made up my mind more'n twenty times, just to go and come right out with the whole business; but whenever I got where she was, and whenever she looked at me with her winking eyes, and kind o' blushed at me, I always felt sort o' skeered and fainty, and all what I made up to tell her was forgot; so I couldn't think on it to save me. But you're a married man, Mr. Thompson, I couldn't tell you anything about popin the question as they call it. It's a mighty grate favor to ax of a right purty gal; and to people as sint need to it, it goes monst'ous hard,

don't it? They say widders don't mind it more'n nothin. But I'm making a transgression, as the preacher sez.

Crispus eve I put on my new suit, and shaved my face as slick as a smoothin' iron, and went over to old Mr. Stullions. As soon as I went into the parlor where they was all settin' round the fire, Miss Caroline and Miss Kesiah both laughed rite out.

"There, there," sez they; "I told you so; I knew it'd be Joseph."

"What's I dun, Miss Caroline?" sez I.

"You cum under sister's chicken bone, and I do believe she knew you was cumin when she put it over the door."

"No I didn't—I didn't no such thing now," sez Miss Mary, and her face blushed red all over.

"Oh, you needn't deny it," says Miss Kesiah, "you belong to Joseph now, just as sure as there's any charm in chicken bones."

I knowed that was a first rate chance to say something, but the dear little critter looked so sorry, and kep' blashin' so, I couldn't say nothin' exactly to the pint; so I tuck a chair and reached up and tuck down the bone and put it in my pocket.

"What are you gwine to do with that bone now Major?" sez Miss Mary.

"I'm gwine to keep it as long as I live," sez I, "as a Crismus present from the handsomest gal in Georgia."

When I sed that, she blushed worse and worse.

"Aint you ashamed, Major," sez she.

"Now you ought to give her a Crismus gift, Joseph, to keep all her life," says Caroline.

"Ah," says old Mrs. Stullions, when I was a gal, we used to hang up our stockings—

"Why mother!" sez all o'f'em "to say stockings right afore—"

"Then I felt a little streaket too, kos they was all blushing as hard as they could."

"Highly-tighty!" sez the old lady; "what fuiment. I'd like to know what harm there is in stockin. People now-a-days is gotten so mealy-mouthed they can't call nothin' by its name; and I don't see as they'er any better than the old time people was. When I was a gal like you, child, I used to hang up my stockings, and 'get em full of presents."

"The gals kep' laughin'."

"Never mind," sez Miss Mary, "Major's got to give me a Crismus gift—wont you Major?"

"Oh, yes," sez I, "you know I promised you one."

"But I didn't mean that," sez she.

"I've got one for you what I want you to keep all your life; but it would take a two bushel bag to hold it," sez I.

"O that's kind," sez she.

"But will you keep it as long as you live?" sez I.

"Certainly I will Major."

"Now you hear that, Miss Caroline," says I; "she says she'll keep it all her life."

"Yes I will," sez Miss Mary; "but what is it?"

"Never mind," sez I; "do you hang up a bag big enuf to hold it, and you'll find out what it is when you see it in the morning."

Miss Caroline winked at Miss Kesiah, and then whispered to her; and then they both laughed, and then looked at me as mischievous as they could.

"You'll be sure to give it to me now, if I hang up a bag," sez Miss Mary.

"And you promise to keep it," sez I.

"I will, cause I know you wouldn't give me nothing that wasn't worth keepin'."

They all agreed they would hang up a bag for me to put Miss Mary's Crismus present in, on the back porch, and about nine o'clock I told em good evening, and went home.

I set up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed, I went softly into the back gate, up to the porch, and there, silf' enuf, was a great big meal bag hangin' to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to get into, but I was 'tarnished not to back out; so I sot some chairs on top of a bench, and got hold of the rope, and let myself down into the bag; but just as I was getting in the bag swung agin the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Mrs. Stullions' grate big dog, and here he cum rippin and tarin like rath; and round he went, trying to find out what was the matter.

I sot down in the bag, and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for a fear he'd find me out; and after a while he quit barkin. The wind began to blow hominable cold, and the old bag kep' turnin' round and swinin' so, it maked me sick as mischiet. I was afeerd to move for fear the rope would break and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth rattlin' like I had the agar. It seemed like it would never cum day light; and I do b'lieve if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would feeze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm and it didn't beat more nor two ticks a minit, only when I thought then it went in a canter. Bime-by the cussed old dog come up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he had treed a coon.

"Bow, wow, wow!" sez he. Then he'd smell agin and try to get up to the bag.

"Git out," sez I very low, for fear they'd hear me.

"Bow, wow, wow!" sez he; and I felt all over in spots, for I expected every minit he'd nip me and what made it worse, I couldn't see what he'd take hold.

"Then I tride coaxin'."

"Cum here, good feller," sez I, and whistled a little to him but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep' up his eternal whinin' and barkin' all night. I couldn't tell when daylight was breakin' only by the chickens crowin' and was monst'ous

glad to hear 'em, for if I had had to stay there one hour more, I don't b'lieve I'd ever gut out o' that bag alive.

Old Mrs. Stullion com out fust, and as soon as she saw the bag says she,

"What upon yearth has Joseph put in the bag for Mary? I'll lay it's a yearlin or some live animal, or else Bruin wouldn't bark at it so."

She went in to call the gals, and I sot thar, shiverin' all over so I couldn't speak if I tried to; but I didn't say nothin'.

Bime by they all cum runnin' out.

"My goody, what is it?" sez Miss Mary.

"Oh, it's alive!" sez Miss Kesiah. I seed it more.

"Call Cato, and make him cut the rope," sez Miss Caroline, "and let's see what it is. Come here, Cato, and get this bag down."

"Don't hurt it for the world," sez Miss Mary.

Cato untied the rope that was around the jice, and let the bag down easy on the floor, and I tumbled out all covered with corn meal from head to foot.

"Goodness," gracious," sez Miss Mary "if it aint the Major himself!"

"Yes," sez I, "and you promised to keep my Crismus present as long as you lived."

The gals laffed themselves almost to deth, and went too brushing off the meal as fast as they could, saying they was gwine to hang that bag up every Crismus till they got husbands too.

Miss Mary—bless her bright eyes—blushed as beautiful as a mornin' glory, and sed she'd stick to her word. When I heard her say it, I felt as if it was enuf to induce a man to hang in a meal bag from one Crismus to another.

"The matter's all settled now 'cept the weddin' day," Mary sez; that musn't be sot for some time as gals allers like to be engaged a while afore marriage.

Yours in perfect happiness, J. J.

[From the N. Y. Morning Courier]

A COUSIN'S KISS.

There's something in a kiss that never comes amiss.

Buoyant with the spirit of youth, about returning home, after an absence of several years, I looked forward with almost childish glee to my meeting with my affectionate uncle and aunt.

Having finished my profession, the fond recollections of the past, and the bright anticipations of the future, seemed to vie in affording joy to the present, and equally to inspire me with emotions of delight. I was an orphan, with neither brothers or sisters; but then I had a blooming cousin, and that was pretty much the same thing, for we had grown together from almost infancy, and if she was not a sister, I was not then a philosopher enough to know the difference.

During my travel home, I tried to picture to myself the familiar scenes so fondly loved, from which I had so long been separated; and whenever my imagination reverted to my cousin, (which I must confess they frequently did,) I saw the fancied transport with which she would "welcome me home." Alas! that we should be so vain.

I was received with open arms and evident pleasure by kind relatives, and when I was kissed by them all—uncle, aunt, nurse, down almost to the washerwoman—it was absolutely outrageous—"positively shocking!"—that Harriet, my pretty, blushing cousin, should alone refuse the kiss most desired.

Such, then, was the termination of all my glowing day-dreams, and though her eye did sparkle with joy, it was not exactly the meeting I had expected. But she was so lovely, I could not get angry; it would have been ungallant in the highest, and if I could, I understood the female heart enough to know that resentment was not the way to obtain the wished for kiss. That she, who used to treat me with such frank, and artless familiarity, herself as gentle, playful, and innocent as the fawn, and whom I had found the same fair being as formerly with the exception that she was far more beautiful, and had a little less of the girl about her; I say, that she should thus be reserved and obstinate—why, I declare, it was really too bad! How could I win the coveted boon? I was puzzled! My cousin was so popular, that all the beaux in the country were in her train; and I had but two months to stay, before commencing my profession; and yet notwithstanding these difficulties, I was resolved to gain the kiss, a thousand times more valued, now that it was so pertinaciously withheld. I must try.

There was one of her suitors named Summer, whom she seemed to like better than the rest; and I must say, that during the first month of my visit, she coquetted with him, a good deal at my expense. It used to give me a touch of uneasiness now and then, but I consoled myself with the reflection, as I was not in love, that there was no sense in being jealous, and beside, Mr. Summer's favorable reception had nothing to do with my object of gaining a kiss. So I took to teasing my pretty cousin about her favorite lover.

"This made a great change in her conduct, as I soon perceived. She denied the charge at first, and then grew really worried that I would not believe her, and finally showed me a pretty marked preference on every occasion. But I was only a cousin, and nobody took any notice of it. My walks and conversation were all set down to the score of cousinship, but they were so delicious, that I regretted that the time had come for me to think of departure, and wished that one's cousin would be with one forever, but I was not worth one copper dollar, unless I could get some heiress to marry me for pity; and I saw no way of living without roughing it through life so that it was necessary, I should do something for myself. I was too proud to trespass further on the bounty of my uncle; or rather I felt too keenly

the sense of my boundless obligations to him already, to be guilty of still greater dependence on him; for it had been through his generosity I had been placed at a profession, and he had declared his intention of aiding me still farther in my future career. I must, therefore, have been ungrateful indeed, to have been long idle; so my visit was nearly up. Happy, too happy had been those two short months and Harriet was the cause of it all. She, sweet angel, like all the rest, charged it all to cousinship; but I at last began to open my eyes, and half suspected the truth, for I noticed that my cousin, unconscious to herself seemed very fond of my presence. All this I learned by close observation of her conduct and innumerable trifles; many a monarch would have given his broad lands, his greatest victories, or the finest jewels in his crown, to win such little tokens of affection, from the one beloved. Well, the two months were up, and in all this time, I had not got a kiss from my cousin.

It was the night but one before I was to go away. I determined to make a last effort. We were sitting by the window, and the old folks were out; my pretty cousin looked pensive, and doubtless felt so, for I was sometimes sentimental myself. It was just the time for melting thoughts; and the moon shone tenderly upon the river in the distance, pouring her silvery light like fairy verdure on the distant hills.—Harriet sat by my side, and we were talking of my approaching departure.

"I shall be very busy to-morrow Harriet," said I, "and do not know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening."

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out beneath the long lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered—

"Why not? You know how glad we shall be to see you."

"Because," said I, (a little piqued at the word, and, for, to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love, and of course flattered myself that this was reciprocal,) "I shall be very busy; and, beside, I heard Summer ask you the other night to go to him—to-morrow night with him; and of course, my pretty coz, you go."

"There goes that Summer again," said she; "I declare you are too provoking, you know what I think of him!"

"Ah! but," replied I wickedly, "actions speak louder than words; why make engagements on the night of old companionship is going away?"

Her gaily was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered—

"I told him I would answer him to-day, and I thought we were all going together; but I'll send him a note declining at once. You know, you don't mean what you said, William!"

I laughed it off, and directly rose to depart.

"How very soon you are going," said she, in something unusually melancholly in its gentle tones.

"And are you going to kiss me?" said I gaily, after a little merry conversation; "cousins always do at parting."

"Indeed I ain't," said she, snuicly.

"Indeed you ought to," said I, earnestly.

"Indeed you are mistaken for once!"

"Is it at your duty?" said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing her or not.

"I can prove it by Talmud," said I.

A smile began to flicker around the corners of her mouth.

"I can establish it by text."

"Indeed!" said she, smiling archly at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

"Do unto others as you would be done unto; isn't it, my pretty coz?"

"Well, really you deserve something for your wit—did you learn that while studying your profession?" and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her, so I betook myself to another ground.

"Well, good by, coz."

"So early!"

"Early!" and I began to pull off my gloves.

"You'll be here to-morrow night, wont you?" said she persuasively.

"Do you really wish me?"

"How can you doubt it?" said she, warmly.

"But I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Summer," said I, teasingly.

"Pshaw! Mr. Summer again," said she, potshly.

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was in the right track.

"You won't give me a kiss—if now it was to mend Mr. Summer's glove or—"

"It's too provoking," said she in a pensive tone; "how can you think I care for him?"

"How can I? you do fifty things for him you wouldn't do for me."

"You don't think so."

"Indeed I do," said I.

"William!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor. I take you for a sample, and you refuse; you are very unfair cousin, and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine, and her voice trembled a little as she repeated "Why?"

"Because you never do anything I ask you to."

"Indeed I do! you know I do," said she, earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I, pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke; but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and the thought made her pensive.

Yet she did not know her own feelings; something told her to grant my boon—it was but a trifle—it seemed too foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then again it would be so reserved and uncousinly to refuse; and might I not justly be offended at her prudery? I could hear her breath and see her snowy bosom heave with contending emotions. The conflict was going on between love and reserve, and yet, poor girl, she knew it not! but I had seen more of the world than my unsophisticated cousin.

"And you really won't come to-morrow evening—she paused and blushed, while the low, soft, half-reproaching tone in which she spoke, smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my persistence. But then it was so pretty to see her perplexed!"

"Harriet," said I, "I feel grieved; you do not think I should trifle with you. I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I love; and, if one is to be thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again; and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away."

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the floor; and as she averted her head I saw a tear drop fall. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in a sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the depths of my cousin's heart; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, a thrill went through every nerve, as I felt her soft and glowing kiss. I had conquered. But a tear was on my face, and as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feeling came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder and I heard a sob. My heart stung me, and I would have given worlds to have saved her from that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her, and pressing my arm gently around her, I drew her tenderly towards me. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a flash of holy feeling swept across my soul. That moment I never shall forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour, I could keep no measure of time.

"Dear Harriet!"

"Will you not come to-morrow night?"—whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly to my countenance.

"How can I refuse dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her cheeks.

"No, love,—but now—" and pressing her again to my throbbing bosom, and imprinting on her lips a kiss, I murmured, "good night, dearest," and we parted.

The next morning I was greeted by a glance from my cousin, which eloquently told the feeling of her heart. Her embarrassment did not escape the penetration of my good uncle, and when he heard the particulars of our interview, his laugh rung loud and joyous, in spite of the blushes of my dear Harriet. Though that was many years ago, I am still a very happy man; no less happy than when my lovely cousin first became my wife.

MONAB.

Courteous reader, having now concluded my story, in conformity with the received customs, I proceed to unfold my moral. The most striking lesson contained in it, is, that anything may be accomplished by proper management; and that the female heart is never so obstinate, but that it will finally yield to gentleness. Again, cousins should be closely watched. They play the deuce with the girls hearts. They're always plucking your daughter a fresh rose, or lifting her over the pebbly brook; and then they take such long walks in the summer's twilight, or ride for hours alone in a September's afternoon, or sleigh away for miles, on the clear moonlight nights of December, with nothing but themselves for company, and all this time when they are budding into life, and fall into love as naturally as the moth flies into the fire.

Wonderfull Discoveries.—We are almost daily presented with the evidence of anti-deluvian curiosities, which excite the wonder of the laird. In digging the levels for a Rail Road in France they came to entire mounds of skeletons of elephants, and other Asiatic animals, as if groups had been collected and overwhelmed in the deluge. In Arkansas recently the bones of a mastodon were found of wonderful size. The ball, or head, of the thigh bone, shows the probable length of the animal to have been forty nine feet! Among the bones of the head was found a tusk of immense size and weight, measuring twenty-nine inches at its largest extremity, eighteen feet in length and weighing near three hundred pounds. The situation in the structure of the animal, of this immensa tusk, or its use, cannot be determined.

The president has ordered two regiments of infantry, lately established at Jefferson (Missouri) Barracks, to proceed to the frontier of Texas, the Sabine. This extraordinary movement seems to have been ordered in view of any attempt on the part of Mexico against Texas, in anticipation or in consequence of the ratification of the treaty between the United States and Texas.

Mr. Huntington (Fed.) now U. S. Senator from Connecticut has been re-elected for six years from the 4th of March next.

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE SENATE.

To the Senate of the United States:

In answer to the resolution of the Senate of the 13th instant, requesting to be informed "whether, since the commencement of the negotiations which rested in the treaty now before the Senate for the annexation of Texas to the United States, and military preparation has been made or ordered by the President, for or in anticipation of war; and, apprehended, and what are the preparations that have been made or ordered? Has any movement or assemblage or disposition of any of the military or naval forces of the United States been made or ordered with a view to such hostilities? And to communicate to the Senate copies of all orders or directions given for any such preparation, or for any such movement or disposition, or for the future conduct of such military or naval forces?" I have to inform the Senate that, in consequence of the declaration of Mexico communicated to this government, and by me laid before Congress at the opening of its present session, announcing the determination of Mexico to regard as a declaration of war against her by the United States the definitive ratification of any treaty with Texas annexing the territory of that Republic to the United States, and the hope and belief entertained by the Executive that the treaty with Texas for that purpose would be speedily approved and ratified by the Senate, it was regarded by the Executive to have become emphatically its duty to concentrate in the Gulf of Mexico and its vicinity, as a precautionary measure as large a portion of the home squadron under the command of Captain Cornor as could well be drawn together; and, at the same time, to assemble at Fort Jesup, on the borders of Texas, as large military force as the demands of the service at other encampments would authorize to be detached. For the number of ships already in the Gulf and the waters contiguous thereto, and such are placed under orders for that destination, and of troops now assembled upon the frontier I refer you to the accompanying reports from the Secretaries of the War and Navy Departments.

It will also be perceived by the Senate, by referring to the orders of the Navy Department, which are herewith transmitted, that the naval officer in command of the fleet is directed to cause his ships to perform all the duties of a fleet of observation, and to apprise the Executive of any indication of a hostile design upon Texas, on the part of any nation, pending the deliberations of the Senate upon the treaty, with a view that the same should promptly be submitted to Congress for its mature deliberation. At the same time, it is due to myself that I should declare it as my opinion, that the United States having by the treaty of annexation acquired a title of Texas, which requires only the action of the Senate to perfect it, no other Power could be permitted to invade and by force of arms to possess itself, of any portion of the territory of Texas, pending your deliberations upon the treaty, without placing itself in a hostile attitude to the United States, and justifying the employment of any military means at our disposal to drive back the invasion. At the same time, it is my opinion that Mexico or any other power will find in your approval of the treaty no just cause of war against the United States; nor do I believe that there is any serious hazard of war to be found in the fact of such approval. Nevertheless, every proper measure will be resorted to by the Executive to preserve upon an honorable and just basis the public peace, by reconciling Mexico, through a liberal course of policy, to the treaty.

JOHN TYLER.

WASHINGTON, MAY 15th, 1844.

THE BALTIMORE WHIG CONVENTION.—The respectable correspondent of the Ohio Liberty Herald who was in Baltimore at the time of the great ratification meeting, writes of what passed, in a manner that must awaken strange emotions in the breast of such a man as Mr. Frelinghuysen:

"For drunkenness, last night's bacchanalian revel takes the lead entirely of anything I ever witnessed. In the street—in the rooms of hotels, at the supper table—in the lodging rooms—in short, wherever you might turn, the laughable, ridiculous, and mournful, were strangely and fearfully exhibited by scores of young men laboring under the maddening influence of the intoxicating bowls. The nomination of Theodore Frelinghuysen, and opening the convention by the reading of prayer and the sacred Scriptures, seems to me to be a pretty fair sample of management, intended no doubt to make an average of mortal character between the candidates, as well as to conciliate the South, who would by no means consent to nominate John Davis, or Millard Fillmore, but were satisfied with Frelinghuysen, who, to use the language of one of the delegates from Virginia, 'has been long enough a resident of New Jersey while she was a slaveholding State, not too far Northern in his character,' and least, to thus secure the support of the Native American party in New York city, which will aid much in carrying the state of Henry Clay."

CLEVER FELLOW.—A correspondent in the New York Sun, writing from Washington, mentions that members of Congress can be easily distinguished from other people by their wearing craps on their left arm, and says—"Some sessions ago, a man terribly in debt, had the sheriff after him; being obliged to pass through the street, he tied craps on his left arm, and marched boldly along. The sheriff supposing him to be a member of Congress passed him

most obsequiously. It threw the sheriff into hysterics when he discovered how he had been tricked."

"Going it while they're young." An affair came off in New York the other day between two young gentlemen, the one 17 and the other 15 years of age, in which the younger of the two was severely stabbed. There "was a lady in the case" aged twelve years and nine months. The precocious fair had coquetted with both.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MAY 28, 1844.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its ample folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW DUTIES; NO BARRIERS; SEPARATION FROM BANKS; ECONOMY; REFORMATION; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if its principles be faithfully and firmly adhered to, after it is achieved, much will it redound to the honor of those by whom it will have been won; and long will it perpetuate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

SUPREME COURT.

There was not a great amount of business before this Court last week. The case of Mr. Willis came up for trial, but not being ready it was put over to the October Term.

Hiram Totherly, indicted for Manslaughter, was put upon his trial. Many witnesses were summoned both for the Government and the defendant. They were thoroughly examined and cross-examined, and the testimony on both sides was ably commented on by the Council. The Jury retired after having the Law in relation to the case fully and clearly explained by the presiding Judge. After an absence of several hours, the Jury returned into Court, and through their Foreman, stated that they were unable to agree. Totherly was remanded to Jail. His bonds were set at \$500. A new trial is ordered at the October Term. This was a case of deeper interest than is usual for this place, and great numbers were present to hear the trial.

The Court adjourned on Friday.

THE NOMINATION.

The nomination to the Presidency is probably made. Yesterday was the time appointed, and we should be glad if we could this day give our readers the result. We feel anxious to hear and know who is nominated to the highest office in the gift of the American people, and our readers, no doubt, partake to some extent the same anxiety. We feel sure a good man will be nominated and we wish we could this day grace our columns with his name.

GREAT DEMOCRATIC MEETING IN BALTIMORE.

On Monday the 13th inst. Monument Square was entirely filled by the Democracy of Baltimore and vicinity. A living host were present. The meeting was ably addressed by several gentlemen, among whom was Senator Allen, of Ohio. A series of Resolutions were passed. The meeting passed off with great harmony, decorum and zeal. A bright era is dawning. The Republican party no longer sleeps. The elements are in motion. The selection of a leader once made and the victory is ours. Wake up, then, Democrats! ye followers of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson, wake up! Prepare to pronounce a loud and hearty Amen to the Nominee of the Baltimore Convention. This nominee must cement our union, encourage our hopes, and cheer us on to victory.

INTOLERANCE.

Intolerance and arrogance in religion is always not only a thing to be dreaded but also to be condemned. That a man cannot speak or act, only as he is moved by others, is a slavery to which no independent spirit will submit; and a slavery too, to which no man or set of men will subject others, unless they possess both the cowardice and imbecility of the tyrant. Intolerance is sometimes characteristic of politicians of the same party. It charges men with having forsaken principles, because they do not agree about certain things of an unimportant character. It charges them even with Federalism and Whiggery, because all do not hold up the same man for office, as if it were criminal to have an opinion of your own upon such a subject. This is all wrong, and unjustifiable; and no sincere Democrat will entertain such injurious and anti-Republican sentiments.

THE TARIFF.—Mr. McKays' Bill for the reduction and modification of the Tariff, has been laid on the table with the understanding that it is not to be taken up again. The vote stood in favor of laying on the table 105, against 99. So the Bill is defeated by a Democratic House. So much for concert and unanimity on this subject. It is to be regretted that the contemplated alteration could not have been made. The Democratic members from this State invariably voted for the Bill, but Severance and Morse as traitors voted against it.

Anti-Gambling.—Mr. Greene, a notorious gambler, recently addressed a large meeting in Washington against gambling. Mr. Greene is a reformed gambler and like the primitive Washingtonians, his whole soul is fully awake to the enormities of that vice. At the conclusion of his address, in the different cities he has visited, all those who wish to discontinue this vice are called on to sign the "Anti-Gambling Pledge."

Sea Serpent.—This huge animal has been recently discovered in Long Island Sound. He was about two miles distant from the Light House at Eaton Neck. The pilot who discovered him, says that "at times the tail would be about ten feet high from the water, and would plunge in it again with great strength."

Delicacy.—Mr. Clay has refused to attend a Mass meeting of his fellow citizens at Augusta in this State, as desired by a Whig Committee. He objects to so doing "from motives of delicacy and propriety."

DEMOCRATS WAKING UP!

We insert the following notice, although it is too late for our friends to attend the Mass Convention. It is the harbinger of a general waking up in our ranks. We are happy to say that we feel confident of the election of the Baltimore nominee. The whole Democratic party stand ready to rush to his support. Every Democrat should feel the importance of the coming contest, and prepare to enter into it with zeal and energy. We publish the following notice to show what our friends are doing abroad.

The Baltimore Republican has the following call:

Grand Mass Meeting, at Monument square, Baltimore, on Tuesday, the 28th. At a meeting of the democratic city convention, on the 8th instant, it was unanimously

Resolved, That a mass meeting be held in Monument square on the evening following the day when the national nomination shall be made; and such of our democratic brethren in the state and the adjoining states who can reach the city in time are respectfully invited to attend.

Resolved, That the democratic papers in the state, and those out of it, [if in time] will insert the above call.

By order, PHIL. LAURENSEN, President.
Wm. H. Cole, Jr., Secretaries.
JOHN DUKEHART, JR.

The Liberty Standard and Christian Mirror.—A sharp contest has been raging between these two papers of late. By it we learn that the conductors of the Liberty party and Christian Journals are subject to "like passions as other men."

The Standard, not long since, recommended the withdrawal of the support of the Maine Missionary Society from the Mirror, for certain reasons which were mentioned. This touched a vital spot in the Mirror, which retorted upon the Standard with considerable spirit and acrimony. For several weeks the contest has been kept up, without any appearance of giving up on the part of either. The great object of the Standard seems to be to prove that the Mirror is unprincipally achieved. Mr. Cummings, of the Mirror, does not deny it, nor own it, but alludes to it in a manner somewhat equivocal, which is the more annoying to Mr. Willey. Mr. W. thinks a man cannot be a Christian without being a Liberty party man, and calls loudly upon the Christian community to show their love for the cause of religion by joining the Liberty party. Many restless, disappointed spirits have heeded the call—and we might add, to their disgrace—for they have sacrificed patriotism to mere sectional prejudices. The Mirror shows its wisdom by letting such party organizations alone.

The Whigs are dreadfully riled at what they call the slanders of the Locofocos in relation to the Baltimore Convention. The Baltimore Republican, an eye witness, says, "this city was rife throughout with scenes of drunkenness, debauchery, profanity, and riot." Other witnesses concur in similar testimony. We can see no reason why those who were present and saw the enactment of these scenes should publish absolute falsehoods in relation to them. We are inclined to believe that Baltimore, on the day of Whig Convention, presented a scene of gross intemperance scarcely rivalled by any similar revelries in '40.

Great Fire in Worcester.—Three large buildings occupied as Stores and Victualing houses were entirely consumed in Worcester, Mass. last week, a part of the property only was insured.

The New York Tribune has been laboring to prove that Mr. Frelinghuysen is not an Abolitionist.

There has been a rumor that the Whigs were about to impeach President Tyler. Such an effort would be fruitless in view of the *Veto* power.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—Both Houses of Congress have agreed to adjourn on the 27th of June.

A MAMMOTH BEAR. The Calais Journal says, "The largest Bear ever killed this side of the Penobscot, and perhaps we might say this side of the Rocky Mountains, was shot by Mr. Thomas Bailey on Monday last week, on the Indian Township. One of his paws measured 7 1/2 inches in length, and 5 in width. He weighed over 700 lbs."

What do the Norway Advertiser and Oxford Democrat think of that? Don't brag any more about your "Oxford Bears," they are mere cubs compared to the "Downcasters."

Think? Why we think it a pretty good "Bear Story," considering it originated "away down east," where the inhabitants pry the sun up logarithmically. But, friend Journal, you ought to come up into Oxford to see the genuine specimen of Bears, (political, we mean.) "I would do your heart good, man."

Bennett, of the New York Herald, has sued the editor of the New York Republic for a libel—damages \$20,000. This suing of editors is bad enough, but for one editor to sue another is sheer madness; it won't pay.

The following is an extract from a Mexican paper:

"What the Hesperia and the Correo Frances, of to day, say in regard to the annexation of Texas to the United States cannot be true, and we have reasons for believing it so. Our government has received its official correspondence from Washington, the contents of which are just the reverse of what these papers say. But be it as it may, our government is determined not to lose the usurped territory, and to that end she will use her best efforts to recover it, (that the honor and dignity, and good name of the nation shall not suffer.)"

John Jacob Astor has given a grand daughter of his in New York, as a May-day present, the City Hotel, worth some \$200,000.

A LETTER FROM MR. INGERSOLL.

The Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll has written a letter in reply to addressed him from Maryland, from which we make the following extract:

"Yes, gentlemen, this country may depend on it, a crisis is at hand when it will be childish and criminal to be quarreling about Presidential incumbency, actual or prospective. The two great elements powers of the old world in unnatural alliance keeping what their respective ministers call the right of search suspended over our commerce and coasts, are, perhaps, about to fetter that commerce, and invade those coasts, by the most formidable and trying aggression ever inflicted on American independence."

Decatur's sentiment in war was only the echo of Washington's even in peace, that we must sustain our country, right or wrong, when foreigners assail us.

In the crisis now actually upon us, you gentlemen, and the rest of the American people, will make a President; and I, with others of your public servants, must submit to your choice. My only prayer is, that he may be a man equal to the crisis, nominated at Baltimore on the 27th of May, in a spirit of patriotic harmony."

Otherwise, not only war, pestilence, and famine, but worse, may be our fate. A paper money National Bank, a repudiating Bankrupt act, the loss of all our public lands, the assumption of all our gambling debts, the mutilation of our territory; in a word, all the worst evils, without any of the good principles of old Federalism, re-established in the supremacy of its bastard offspring—a vindictive coalition.

From these calamities, may God and the people deliver us, is, gentlemen, the anxious prayer of

Your humble servant,
C. J. INGERSOLL.

The way to raise wages.—The Hampden Post published in Springfield, in an exceedingly humorous and well written article, announces the fact that one of the manufacturing corporations of that place, has lately raised the wages of its weavers. Heretofore it has paid twelve and a half cents a web for weaving, but their increased profits and exceeding love for the hard-working operative has induced them to make an advance of his wages of a cent and a half a web. They now give fourteen cents! Who will now dare to say that corporations are soulless, that they care nothing for the industrious, hard working operative but to grind from him all they can, and give him as little as possible in exchange. These base slanders are now triumphantly refuted, and those who propagate them should hide their heads. But stop a moment, let us hear the whole of the story. This magnanimous corporation has indeed raised the price of wages from twelve and a half to fourteen cents a web, but then at the same time it has increased the measurement of the webs from thirty to forty yards! How stands the price of wages now? Only about sixteen per cent. lower now, than it did before it was raised! That's what we should call hoisting the peg lower.

Trouble in the Camp.—The last Mercor, Pa., Press gives us an amusing account of a scene that occurred in that place a week or two since. It arose from the Editor of the Mercor "Lunatic," the whig organ of that county, refusing to support Henry Clay for the Presidency, for the reason that his "conscience would not let him sustain a slave holder, a Mason, a duellist, a gambler and an anti-protectionist." This at once put the whole whig camp into commotion, and after considerable paw-wowing, it was resolved, that Joseph R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania should forthwith furnish them with an editor, and press to dragoon the anti-masonic party of that county in the support of Mr. Clay.

DERANGEMENT AND SUICIDE. The following paragraph appeared in Zion's Advocate of the 7th inst.

SUICIDE. In Alfred Gore, April 13, a man was found hung on a tree not far from the house of Mr. Cyrus Russell. According to the verdict of a jury of inquest, he hung himself about three months since. He had been seen in the neighborhood—said he was born in England—that he belonged in Oxford, and was 40 years old—that he once had a home and friends—that he was cheated out of his property, and that his wife left him. He called his name Joseph. J. R. was found marked on some of his clothing.

Supposing, from the circumstances that the man might be Mr. Joseph Richardson, a native of this town, and lately a resident of Summer, some of his friends, last week, proceeded to Alfred, had the body taken up and being satisfied that it was indeed Mr. R.; had the corpse conveyed to Alfred corner, and there decently buried.

Mr. Richardson had for some time previous to his death, been suffering under mental derangement. He had been in the Hospital for the Insane, at Augusta, and had attempted his life before. He wandered away from his friends last winter, and they had been unable to learn anything of him, till they saw the above paragraph in the Advocate.—*Norway Advertiser.*

The last wolf detected in sheep's clothing.—The following melancholy tale is from the New Haven Palladium of Saturday last:

"The Rev. Mr. Raine, a primitive methodist minister, an Englishman by birth, who has been settled for a year or two over a small congregation in this city, and has been considered a very exemplary man, has just been tried by a committee of his brethren, and convicted of gross misconduct, which he confessed, and immediately fled from the city. His crimes involve one, certainly, and without doubt, two females in lasting disgrace. The girls were domestics in his family, for he had a wife and several children now in the city. The wretch has been preaching since last August, the probable commencement of his career of crime in this city. One report says he has gone westward, and another, that he has returned to England. He has been expelled from the ministry and the church. Mr. Raine was at so been a believer in the doctrine of Millerism."

A PAINFUL CASE.—The Mother and Daughter.

A case of painful interest came before the Judges of the Baltimore City Court. A female who had been refused in consequence of the want of proper parental attention, applied to the court to obtain the charge of her sister, a girl about 12 or 14 years of age, who was then residing with an intemperate mother.

The Court caused the little girl to be brought before them, when the sister, in tears, repeated her apprehensions, and implored the magistrate, with an earnestness that could not be resisted, to save an innocent child from the deep degradation which seemed inevitably to await her. The sister, seeming conscious of her own position in society, and sensitively alive to the fate of the little girl, assured the magistrate that if he would remove her from a house which she herself had fled, and which was obnoxious from past recollections, and place her beyond the temptations that there beset her, she would amply provide for her future maintenance and education. Several of the public officers, who had some knowledge of the circumstances of the mother, bearing testimony to her incapacity to provide for the child, the magistrate directed her to be given into the care of a gentleman in whom he had confidence—where she has since remained, receiving the most affectionate care of his wife.

LATER FROM HAVANA.—We learn from Mr. John Daret, a passenger in the brig Joseph Atkins, fifteen days from Aux Cayes, that the negro Gen. J. Acar, with a large army of negroes, had marched into Aux Cayes from the interior, and had taken possession of the town. A great number of the inhabitants were butchered. About 800 succeeded in getting to Jamaica. The insurgents had driven the regular troops out of the city. It was reported that Gen. A. was about taking the American brig Clotillo and cargo.—All was anarchy and confusion.

Messrs. J. Daret and Oscar Touga, of St Domingo, passengers in the brig J. Atkins, had to flee from Aux Cayes, to save their lives.—*N. Y. Journal of Com.*

THE TROUBLE IN CUBA.—A letter has been received by the editor of the Key West Light of the Reef, in relation to the insurrection in Cuba. It is stated that upwards of 3000 negroes have been killed; and that at the last accounts, 23 were strangled daily by the public executioners of Matanzas. There were besides, upwards of 3,000 confined in the jails of Havana, Matanzas and Cardenas; amongst whom were 80 white women in the jail of Havana, who had agreed to marry the chiefs of the negroes. A molatto was to be made President, and in his house, was found a picture representing him in full uniform, with the daughter of the Marquis of Arquis as his wife.

MAN. We find the following rich moral in one Dow Jr.'s "Short Patent Sermons":

"Man looks upon life just as he does upon women—there is no living with them, and he can't live without them. He will run after them, and rather than be held he will loose his coat tail and character; kisses them for love, and then kicks them for leading him into trouble. So with life; he partakes of its pleasures, and then curses it for its pains; gathers bouquets of bliss, and when their blossoms have faded, he finds himself in possession of a bunch of briars; which is all owing to a little incident that occurred in Paradise when man was as green as a tobacco worm, and as unsuspicious as a tree-toad in a thunder storm. He was then told to increase and multiply, and so he accordingly increased his cares and curses, multiplied his miseries, and peopled the world with a parcel of candidates for perdition! and I am one of them."

The Nestorians.—A correspondent of the N. York Commercial, writing from Constantinople, under date of March 27th, says:—"The Nestorians are again returning to their country and homes. Those who were in the hands of the Kurds as captives are being released. The Pacha of Mosul, the instigator of the massacre of this interesting people, is dead. He had been plotting for some years for it, and always born the character of a christian later. His successor, Sharief Pacha, is an excellent and mild person and goes to Mosul, it is believed, prepared to benefit the afflicted Nestorians."

IT WILL COME IN

It seems to us that it ought to be regarded as a settled point that abolition will come into our great religious bodies, until slavery is abolished throughout the land. There are so many avenues by which it will enter, that it is useless to think to keep it out. [Zion's Advocate.] That is a great point gained.—Standard.

Paddy's Expedient for Reducing a Hole.—An Irish weaver, just imported from the sister isle, took to his employer in Kilmarnock, the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival. His employer detected in the cloth two holes, within half an inch of each other, and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for a hole.

"And plaze ye," returned Pat, "is it by the number of holes, or by the size of them, that you put a fine on us?"

"By the number of holes, to be sure." "Yes, a shilling for each hole, big or little." "Then give me a hould of the piece," replied Paddy; and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small hole into one, and exclaimed, "By the hill of Howth, and that saves me one shilling, anyhow!"

TORNADO IN MISSISSIPPI.—A violent tornado occurred near Marshall, Saline county, Miss., on the 22d ult. A stone building, occupied by Geo. W. Barnes, was blown down, and he and his family buried in the ruins. The citizens of Marshall repaired to the ruins, and succeeded in extricating them. Most of them were most horribly mutilated, and a small child crushed to death.

Gen. Cass, it is said, has written a letter in favor of immediate annexation, provided the assent of Mexico can be obtained.

[From a recent English paper.]

THE TRAMPLED LAND.

Now the council of that nation sits
Again in grand divan;
But care they aught for liberty,
Or for the rights of man?
A coxcomb's proclamations claim
Discussion fierce and strong:
But a nation's loud appeals
Unheeded pass along!
And still the numberers of the earth
Contrive to hold in chains
The nerve and sinew of the lands,
Throughout their wide domains.

stantly recognized his own offspring, admitting his mistake in regard to the others, and giving up all claim to them, and each of the contending parties took away their own children.

Y. Journal of Commerce.

[Shakespeare founded a drama upon a similar theme, which was the basis of the play, "The Taming of the Shrew."